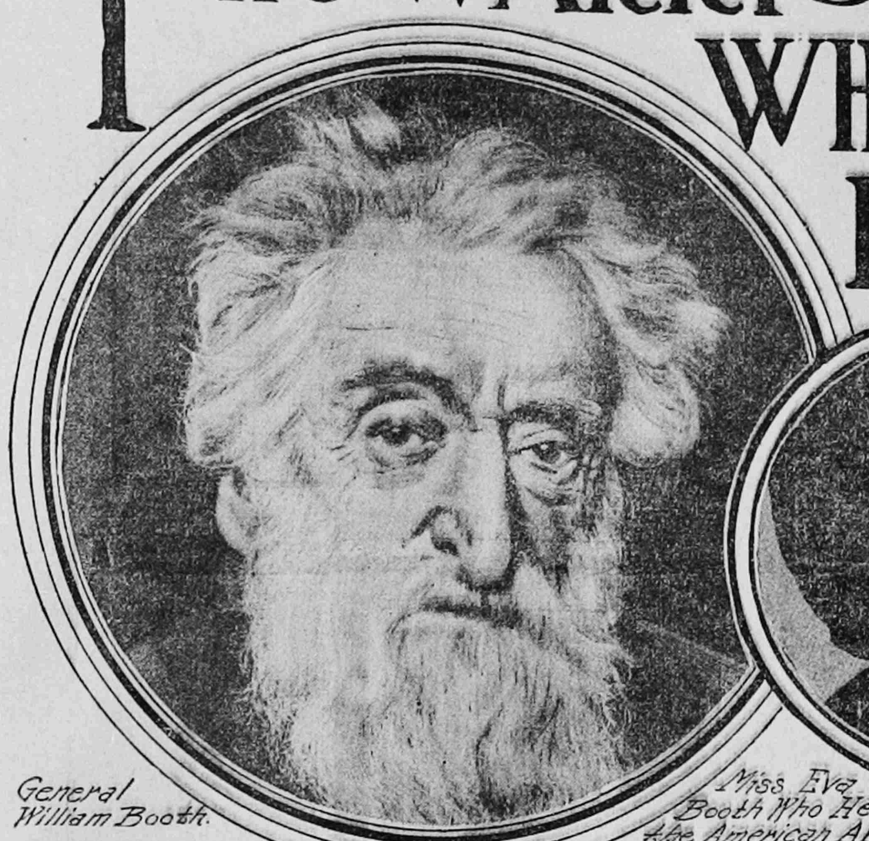
The WARRIORS in SKIRTS WHO AID GEN. BOOTH



General William Booth.

Miss Eva Booth Who Heads the American Army.

The Help Women Have Given the Grand Old Man of the Salvation Army

MORE than forty years ago a man started out in London to fight "the hosts of hell." His first lieutenant was a woman—his wife—who went with him, hand in hand, into the slums, the sinkholes, the dens of iniquity of London.

Together they braved dangers, suffered persecution, faced the hoots of the mob, the pelting of stones. But both burned with a great fire—the fire that would clean and not destroy, the fire of the love of humanity; the same fire of enthusiasm and ambition which, to a different purpose, inspired Napoleon to conquer Europe with the devastating sword, which thrilled in the veins of Antony and Alexander—the fire of the conqueror, which, if misdirected, wins victory by death and suffering, but which, if directed rightly, wipes away suffering and sin and finds its victory in love.

General William Booth and his wife began a warfare such as had never been seen; it was a war of love. They won a victory such as the world has seldom witnessed—a victory of peace.

Recently, at the age of 80 years, General Booth, burning with the old fire, planned a trip to Russia, one of the few countries in the world in which the Salvation Army has not been permitted to work. Forty-four years after beginning the work with his wife the general found himself commanding the most unique and wonderful army in the world. And it is an army in which women not only share the work with men, but often assume command.

The same help which was given the general by his wife when he began his work is now given in the army by the "blue-bonneted" lassies—the "warriors in skirts"—who sing hymns on street corners, lead indoor meetings and help the sinful and needy in nearly all the great cities of the world.

Catherine Booth has hundreds of successors. In no militant religious campaign, probably, have women ever taken so active a part.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, One of the English Leaders.

THE Salvation Army was organized in 1865. When it received its name, on Christmas, 1878, there were about twenty officers, a similar number of posts and several hundred workers. About 3000 souls sought salvation during a year.

In one of the latest reports of the army the number of workers supported by its funds is given as exceeding 15,000; of unpaid local officers, 40,000; of unpaid brass bandsmen, 16,000; other musicians, 50,000. The number of centers, at which from fourteen to twenty meetings are held each week, is given as 6000.

Whereas about 3000 penitents pledged conversion during the first years, the average number now is given as 250,000 a year.

The extent of the army's work is tremendous: it not only seeks to save souls, but offers accommodations to the unemployed; it not only seeks to help unfortunate men and women, but cares for babies in rescue homes and orphanages, and sends children to farm colonies; it not only provides dinners for the poor and gives them clothing, but conducts industrial homes and seeks positions for men without work. It applies Christianity in a practical way.

Systematically organized, it is one of the mightiest machines of salvation on earth. And at the head, directing it, guiding it, for many years has been the aged general himself.

LOOMS LARGE IN HISTORY

Tall, lithe limbed, his white face glowing with eyes sharper than an eagle's, his sharp nose indicating a sharpness of intellect, his head crowned by the snows of years, this white-capped mountain of a man for a long time has loomed large among the great figures of the world; he has taken his place among such men as Napoleon, Wesley, Cromwell, St. Dominick, Francis Xavier, Ignatius of Loyola.

His has been the keenness, the intellectual sagacity and ambition of a Napoleon, combined with that Christ-like gentleness which seeks victory by the paths of peace rather than warfare, whose weapon is not of steel, but love, and whose armies of assistants have largely been not hardened conscripts, but gentle, sweet-voiced women.

That has been the secret of success of General Booth, whose career has been picturesquely described as being "from a tent in the Quaker burial ground of Whitechapel to the rostrums and platforms of the greatest halls and houses of congregation in the world; from ash-barrel bottoms and garbage heaps of the East End of London to the clinging carpets of the throngrooms of kings and monarchs and the offices of democratic rulers; from the obscure circuit of a Methodist preacher to the universal highways of religious and social endeavor, no matter where they may be."

Today the army of which the general and his wife were founders extends into forty-seven countries and colonies. In charge of the work at many stations are some of his "warriors in skirts."

In the United States the work is managed by his daughter, Miss Eva Booth; in Germany Brigadier General Oliphant shares it with his wife; in London a great portion is under the direction of Mrs. Bramwell Booth; in Sweden the work is pursued by another daughter, Miss Lucy Booth.

Rescue work in New York, which is of tremendous extent, is in charge of Brigadier Margaret Bovill; the work in ten states along the Atlantic coast is conducted by Colonel Mary Holz. No general has such assistants; few ever realized what the frail but willing hand of woman can do.

William Booth was born April 10, 1829, in Nottingham, England. Four months before, among the hills of Derbyshire, was born Catherine Mumford, who later became the wife of the great evangelist. Until he was 15 William Booth was a member of the Church of England; then he was converted to Methodism.

Although a lad in years, the fire which later flamed contagiously over the world then burned in him, and, calling his boy friends together, he held prayer meetings. At 17 he was appointed a local preacher; at 20 he was taken to the bosom of the reformers in London, and at the house of one of them met Catherine Mumford.

There followed a strange courtship. William Booth's love letters asked the girl for inspiration for preaching, for suggestions for sermons. They fell in love, these two souls who burned with a love of all mankind, and during the three years which followed their engagement letters were written containing such passages as this:

> I want a sermon on the Flood, one on Jonah and one on the Judgment. Send me some bare thoughts, some clear, startling outlines. Nothing moves people like the terrific. They must have hell fire flashed before their faces or they will not move, and we must have the kind of truth that will move sinners.

The couple were married June 16, 1855. On their honeymoon they went soul saving. Within four months they had converted 1739 persons.

They went into the slums of the cities of England. They came face to face with horrors. Yet while they went soul saving envy arose among members of the New Connection, and it was planned to relegate the revivalist to an obscure and difficult circuit; to bury him and curb his efforts. When the decision was reached at the conference chamber in Liverpool Mrs. Booth was in the gallery. Rising to her feet, she shouted, "Never!" Hand in hand the two left the conference, the New Connection, behind them forever.

With four children to support, and no assured income, the couple faced the future. In response to an invitation, William and Mrs. Booth went to Cornwall. Together they preached, and a wonderful revival stirred the county. They returned to London in 1865 and began holding the first Salvation Army meetings.

Handbills were spread broadcast. The news that a woman was to preach drew thousands. Then Booth made his appeal for funds—not for darkest Africa, but for "darkest and savage England." There began the famous street processions and meetings; and for a while the meetings were targets for missiles of dead dogs, cats, mice, garbage.

But together the two first warriors worked, sustaining and encouraging one another. Others joined them, and during the first year they had established a chain of fifty stations. Of 1058 speakers who had volunteered, 355 were women.

The "warriors in skirts" had begun their work. By the end of the second year the number of stations had increased to eighty-one, the number of speakers to 1087. On Christmas, 1878, the army was given its name. Other countries had by this time called for the army's services; the work was inaugurated in America by the Shirleys; in Australia by John Gore.

Workers were sent to Scotland, Wales and Ireland, and Catherine Booth, with a public subscription of $8000, went to France to conduct a campaign. In France they stoned her, in Switzerland they scourged her. And while the general, his wife and workers were winning victories despite opposition and ridicule in England, missionaries were sent to India, Sweden, Canada, New Zealand and South Africa.

Early in their work the general spoke to his wife of training successors to carry on "the warfare against hell" in various portions of the globe. Both decided upon their children. So they undertook to train the eight children with the sole view of carrying on the work which the father had begun.

Today they are active in the work. William Bramwell Booth, whose wife is a leader in London, is now 53 years of age; Ballington Booth, head of the Independent Volunteers of America, is 52; Catherine Booth is 51. First of the children to take their place on the public platform was Emma Booth, who became the wife of Commander Booth-Tucker and who was killed in a railroad accident in America. Catherine and Lucy followed. Lucy at present conducts the work of the army in Sweden.

Unique is the Salvation Army in that its men leaders have made their wives leaders with them in the work; that the leaders who are married in turn have trained their children, male and female, to grow up for the cause.

Of his children General Booth always considers Miss Eva, head of the army in the United States, the cleverest. Evangeline Booth is intellectual and womanly; she combines the executive ability of a corporation head with the love of humanity such as that which Joan of Arc held for France.

This remarkable "warrior in skirts" began her career when she was a child of 12 by selling the War Cry on the streets of London. Clad almost in rags, veritably a child of the poor, she went into the slums of the city in 1884. With a banjo under her arm she penetrated the vilest districts and there sang hymns calling sinners to repentance.

She went into the mining villages of Cornwall and, descending into the dark, damp mines there, sang to the men who worked in darkness of Him who is the Light of the World. Into prisons she went, and her pure mezzo-soprano voice brought tears to the eyes of convicts.

Beautiful and frail, this girl braved all dangers, suffered from jeers and persecution. One day she was seized by a policeman and placed under arrest. She had been saying a prayer when the man seized her roughly by her arm. The treatment of the girl fired the crowd. They closed in upon the officer, released the girl and dragged him along the streets. When, in response to her appeals, they fell away the policeman lay groaning, both legs broken.

Persecution invariably aroused sympathy, and even the enemies of the army this girl won by her beauty and eloquence. One day she called upon a member of Parliament to plead for his assistance in championing the passage of legislation during a crisis. "Get out of my house," the man thundered when she entered the drawing room, "get out, or I'll have the servants eject you!"

Before he could speak further she began pleading her cause. Anger gave way to amazement, then to conviction and sympathy. The result was that the great man insisted that she remain to luncheon, and he championed the measures until they were successfully passed.

To help the poor and suffering this girl went into the slums and lived in attics. She sold flowers to earn her living, and ministered to the sick. Into homes where drunken husbands ill treated their wives she went to restore peace. Into the rooms of the starving she carried food. When she told them who she was thousands went to the meetings she had planned. She became known as "the angel of the slums."

LABORS IN MANY LANDS

From London Eva Booth went to the Canadian wilds, where she sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," to the lumbermen; thence she went to Alaska, and where men sought gold in the Klondike preached of the golden treasures of heaven; thence she went to the Mexican border and preached among the cattlemen. She has gone from the Atlantic to the Pacific carrying the work her father began.

Since assuming charge of the army in the United States she has managed more than 4000 homes and refuges; she provides nightly beds for 11,000 homeless men and women; at Christmas time, under her charge, dinners are given to 300,000 hungry unfortunates.

Of such is the metal of the thousands of other women enrolled under the banner of General Booth. And with an army of such women it does not seem so wonderful, after all, that he has accomplished so much. In Germany a great deal of the work is managed by Mrs. Edwin Oliphant; in the United States ten states comprise the district of Colonel Mary Holz; in the West the work is efficiently carried on by Colonel Blanche Cox.

There are now in the United States, under Commander Eva Booth, 25,000 active soldiers, with 2500 regular officers and 6500 local officers.

One of General Booth's latest plans has been the establishment of a University for Humanity, in which shall be trained workers to carry the cause into all parts of the world, easing suffering, fighting sin, trying to eliminate injustice and wrongdoing. To give this university a footing he asked for $5,000,000.

As a result of the success of the farm colonies conducted by the army in the United States, the government of England has been considering giving the army a commission to become a government agent of colonization. The dangerously glutted condition of the cities of England is a menace to the well-being of the country; colonization seems the only hope of relief. The problem has been to secure an efficient agent to undertake the work.

General Booth has had under his control of late years a machine of unparalleled efficiency, a body of devoted soldiers. If the commission is granted the army may undertake a work which may mean the elimination of poverty in many cities of England. And in this work, as in every other phase, General Booth's "warriors in petticoats" will aid in carrying on the humanitarian and soul-saving, body-regenerating war.

Brigadier Margaret Bovill, in Charge of New York Rescue Work.

Brig. Gen. Oliphant, in Charge in Germany.

Col. Mary Holz, of the Atlantic Province, and Her Daughters; Both Captains.

THE MIGHTIEST HUNTER OF MODERN TIMES

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE, THIS SECTION.)

river to drink, was seized under water by an immense crocodile, which, having all the advantage of its own element, gradually succeeded in dragging the land giant to deep water and there drowning him. Yet it was Selous who attacked such a rhinoceros and found himself plunged in an adventure that still ranks as something almost incredible to naturalists.

Armed with an old four-bore, muzzle-loading elephant gun, he found himself confronted by a huge bull rhino, which came at him head on. He fired at the head, etween the eyes.

"When I fired," he writes, "the rhinoceros' legs seemed to give way under it, and it just sank on the ground and then, rolling on its side, lay quite still.

"My four-ounce bullet had made quite a large hole in the front of its head, into which I and several of my Kaffirs pushed our fingers as far as they would go.

"We went to the nearest tree, some sixty or seventy yards away, and, after resting my two elephant guns—the one still unloaded—against its stem, returned to cut up what we believed to be the carcass.

"One of my Kaffirs, by name Soga, a big strong Makalaka, at once plunged his assegai into the body of the prostrate rhinoceros and commenced to cut through the thick skin, pulling the blade of the assegai toward him with a sawing motion.

"When Soga had made a cut about two and a half feet long in its side, the limbs of the rhinoceros began to move spasmodically, and it suddenly raised its head and brought it down again with a thump on the ground.

"From that moment it commenced to struggle frantically, and was evidently fast regaining consciousness. I shouted to Soga to try to stab it in the heart before it got on its legs; but, as he only made a very feeble attempt to do so, I ran up and snatching the assegai from him, endeavored to stab the struggling animal to death myself. But it was now fast regaining strength, and with every effort to rise it threw up its head and brought it down on the ground again with a thump.

"I managed to plunge the heavy assegai through the cut in its skin and deep into the side, but with a sudden, spasmodic movement it broke the shaft in two, leaving a short piece attached to the blade sticking in its body.

"In another moment it was standing on its legs, but kept reeling about like a drunken man."

Selous' loaded gun, when he secured it, missed fire. While he was still trying to bring the other into action, the rhino, he says, "started off in a straight line, putting on more pace at every step; and, although we ran as hard as we could, we never overtook it."

Among the most enthusiastic of his admirers has always been Mr. Roosevelt himself, the former President's regard having led him to extend to Mr. Selous the invitation for the hunting which has brought his unerring eye again into the field of African game.

Most of us know what Haggard has had to say, in a variety of volumes, regarding the fictitious Quatermain, but few have had the opportunity to read what Mr. Roosevelt thinks of the man who is now trudging with him in the deep shadows of the African forests.

What Mr. Roosevelt wrote, in encomium of him as the author of his "African Nature Notes," and generously dated "The White House, May 23, 1907," was in reality an extensive review of the man and his work, such as only an ardent admirer and enthusiastic friend could have been moved to write, and indeed, it would almost seem, from that admiring review, written by Mr. Roosevelt at that time as though his acquaintance with the great Nimrod was what determined him upon devoting practically a year of his life to emulation of the African hunter's deeds in the wilderness.

"Mr. Selous," the occupant of the White House wrote, "is the last of the big-game hunters of South Africa; the last of the mighty hunters, whose experience lay in the greatest hunting ground which this world has seen since civilized man has appeared therein.

"There are still many happy hunting grounds to be found by adventure-loving wilderness wanderers of sufficient hardihood and prowess, and in Central Africa the hunting grounds are of a character to satisfy the most exacting hunter of today.

"Nevertheless, none of them quite equal South Africa as it once was, whether as regards the extraordinary multitude of big game animals, the extraordinary variety of the species, or the bold attraction of the conditions under which the hunting was carried on.

"Mr. Selous is much more than a mere big-game hunter, however; he is by instinct a keen field naturalist, an observer with a power of seeing and of remembering what he has seen; and, finally, he is a writer who possesses to a very marked and unusual degree the power vividly and accurately to put on paper his observations. Such a combination of qualities is rare indeed."

It was in this way that Mr. Roosevelt referred to the fact—probably unknown to nearly all Americans—that this is not the first occasion on which he himself has hunted in Africa, for he remarked, apropos of the subject of protective coloration:

"When a boy, shooting on the edges of the desert in Egypt, I was impressed with the fact that the sand grouse, rosy bullfinches, sand larks and sand chats all, in the coloration of their upper parts, harmonized strikingly with the surroundings, while the bold black and white chats were peculiarly noticeable, and yet, as far as I could see, held their own as well in the struggle for existence."

The common tastes and interests of the two hunters now allied in Africa afford them ideal companionship and, what is more, are likely to inure markedly to the advancement of the collections of specimens which Mr. Roosevelt hopes to bring home with him.

Mr. Selous' presence is largely due to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, in his quest for the extremely rare inyala antelope, has hopes that the exceptional experience and knowledge of his ally will bring him within reach of it; and that, in fact, is one of the prime reasons why Mr. Selous consented to take the field again with his friend.

The story Mr. Selous tells of his own search for that rare and beautiful antelope equals anything Haggard ever imagined of Quatermain, and, most interesting of all, it actually happened to him then, just as, if his luck hold good again, it may be happening now to Mr. Roosevelt.

Arriving at Laurenco Marques, on Delagoa bay, in September, 1896, Mr. Selous sailed up the Maputa river to Amatongalandland, where, at the junction of the Usutu and Pongolo rivers, the Maputa proper begins. Here, at the trading store of Mr. Wissels, he saw several horns and skins of inyala, evidently recently killed. After several days' journey, leading a caravan of native women carriers, the only labor obtainable, he came upon the fresh spoor, or tracks, of what were undoubtedly inyala.

He had crept about in the bush for an hour when, at the further side of a glade, he beheld an inyala doe.

"I could see no other animal near her," Mr. Selous states, "and as I required two specimens of inyala does, the one for the British and the other for the South African Museum, I lost no time in firing at the animal in question, which I saw drop instantly at the first shot.

"But, even as she did so, there appeared in her place or very close to where she had stood, a great, black, shaggy form, which, indistinctly as I could see it in the deep shadows of the bush, I knew was a male inyala—the first that my eyes had ever looked on in the flesh.

"My rifle was a single-barreled one, and before I could fire the shot that might make that rare and beautiful beast mine, I had to open the breech of my rifle, take another cartridge from my belt, slip it into the chamber, close the breech again, and then raise the rifle to my shoulder and take aim.

"All this meant time and noise. Would the inyala, which stood like a statue beside the dead body of his mate, give me the few seconds I required to take his life, too?

"I little thought he would, but he did; and as I raised my rifle once more, and took a quick but careful sight on his dark shoulders, I felt, as I pulled the trigger, that he was mine.

"As the report of the rifle sounded, he plunged madly forward, and was instantly lost to sight in the thick scrub. But I felt sure he carried death with him, and so it proved, for we found him lying dead not twenty yards from where he had stood when the bullet struck him. The fatal missile had passed right through his shoulders, and having expanded on impact, had torn his heart to pieces."

These antelopes, now much depleted in number, even within the few years that have elapsed since Mr. Selous secured his specimens, are about seven feet six inches in total length for the adult male, and three feet four inches high at the shoulder, elegant and robust in form, with horns nearly two feet in length, twisted and having very sharp, polished extremities.

Mr. Roosevelt's hopes of securing a pair or more are greatly encouraged by the aid of Mr. Selous, of whom he believes, as did Capt. Cuttle of Jack Bunsby, "if anybody kin, he kin."